

THE EXAMINER.

F. COSSY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER.
Editors.

J. C. VAUGHAN, Corresponding Editor.

LOUISVILLE.....JULY 22, 1843.

EX We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

EX The press of matter compels us to leave out the commercial news. We shall take care that does not happen again.

Look Out.

The Emperor of Russia proposes to abolish serfdom in Russia! It is said, that he is resolved upon it, and will have his way.

Some of the Grand Dukes oppose the step earnestly. "The serfs are not prepared for freedom;" "they must be educated," &c., these are the objections made to their emancipation. A young noble replies: "Serfdom is wrong. Do right, and you begin to educate. Free the serfs, and you put them in a condition when they can fit themselves for freedom. But keep them enslaved, and they will never be prepared—never educated." The Czar sympathizes and agrees with him.

Will the South be behind this? Will it falter with such an example before it?

Think of It.

Go and ask any one, "if he does not wish to make his friends happy around him," and he will reply eagerly, "Yes; by all means."

We shall hardly find an exception. Even the most scisif would desist. And if, further, we were to seek out the hand and harsh, and say to him, "would you hurt or oppress your kin and kin?" he would indignantly respond, "No—never."

And yet, every man who sustains slavery, to some extent mars the happiness of others, and injures and oppresses them, unwittingly it may be, in the saddest way. Does any one doubt this fact? Let him consider. Look at the consequences of slavery, and say whether the assertion is not true.

Whatever stops mental growth, or whatever retards it, must be regarded as the worst foe of society. Bring the master home. You, father, are authoritatively told, with all your means, that the boys and girls whom you love more than life—your own children—shall not be educated; that their minds must remain uncultivated, and kept forever in ignorance. What would be your feeling? Remonstrances, strong, earnest, overpowering, would rise to your lips, and you would be moved, instantly, to strike at the despot who should issue so inhuman a decree. Well, if society acts in a way to produce this result upon large bodies of its citizens, is not the wrong not the wrong done to be called to strict account? Escape from the reasoning, if you can.

Turn, then, to the effect of slavery, in this respect upon the minds of our laboring citizens.

Where are our schools? We have a large fund—means that would be deemed ample enough in Massachusetts, with state help, to educate every child in the Commonwealth. Is it so employed? Not a dollar of it, scarcely. The State, indeed, has used this fund for other matters—but has violated a sacred trust, too, in doing it. And what is the excuse? That the population in many counties is so thin, and so ignorant in others, as to render an *effective* school system out of the question. Would this reasoning be held just in New York? Would any State in New England listen to it for a moment? The pie of ignorance would be the strongest pie for action. The public would say, and say truly, "the greater the ignorance, the greater the necessity for schools—and school-masters—while we have the means, and know our duty, they must be employed in educating the masses—in educating every child whose parents wish it."

Why is this not done, or attempted to be done, in Kentucky?

Slavery is the obstacle. That alone prevents it. Is that obstacle beyond our control? No citizen will affirm that such is the fact. Who, then, is responsible for the lamentable ignorance which prevails in Kentucky among so many of our people? They who uphold this obstacle—who cling to slavery, and declare they will not abandon it. And if the masses understand—if the white adults who cannot read and write, only know how they are kept down, and who does it, think they would or ought to submit to it? Make the case your own—apply it to your own family, and answer.

The Insurrection in Paris.
The 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th days of June of the present year, are destined to be memorable in the history of the French people. A hateful celebrity, like that which keeps the memory of St. Bartholomew's day fresh in the minds of men, will forever be associated with them. They are among the darkest days that blacken the annals of our race; days distinguished from other days by the pre-eminence of the crimes which they witnessed.

Men are so accustomed to read of the sad havoc of battle-fields, that ordinary accounts of slaughter, however terrific, fail to strike their hearts with horror, or even to ruffle the smooth current of their feelings. Something extraordinary in the way of bloodshed is necessary to grieve and to excite them. Had ten or twenty thousand men perished on some battle-field where hostile nations contended for victory, the account would have been like hundreds of others with which the minds of all readers of history are familiar, that it would not have disturbed their tranquility. But when as many men living in the same city are slaughtered in a struggle which is not graced by the usual apology for legalised murder, every cheek turns pale, and we feel that so stupendous an atrocity, such wide-spread woe, such awful crime, ought to horrify every heart.

One peculiarity, and a very striking peculiarity it is too, in the recent insurrection in Paris, is, it was directed against a government which the people had very recently instituted, and which has been marked by an extraordinary solicitude to promote the welfare of those who rebelled against it and sought to put it down at any cost of blood. The insurgents were animated by an infurated zeal to destroy an agency which was intent on their highest good. Tens of thousands of men banded themselves together, and arrayed themselves in warlike attitude against a government eminently popular in all its features, a government which meditated the most extensive popular melioration ever undertaken by any other government. It is difficult to conceive how popular frenzy could become so utterly, indiscriminating, so unreasoning in all respects, as to aim at the destruction of such a political system. And yet for days and weeks the most deadly preparations were in progress. Immense numbers of men enlisted hastily in an enterprise of imminent hazard which promised no substantial benefits even if crowned with the most thorough success. And against whom were all these formidable preparations made? Against neighbors, residents of the same city, men actuated with the same hopes of political and social reform, devoted to precisely the same interests which were dear to the hearts of the insurgents! In this view, how purely malignant, or how entirely motives does the recent insurrection in Paris proceed.

Now, if an army of foreigners, bent on the subjugation of the people, had entered Paris, no one would have wondered at the conduct of its citizens, if they had risen up against the invaders. No one felt surprised that the Parisians in February last, rose in their might and overthrew the government of Louis Philippe, because it had falsified its pledges, and had become tyrannical and insupportably oppressive. In these facts men generally recognize a legitimate source of popular indignation, and are prone to justify such outbreaks when aimed at the destruction of systems that have become intolerable. So also, if the rights of conscience had been invaded and trampled on by an unscrupulous engine of despotism, and had the sufferers then risen and in fierce conflict destroyed the hated oppression and its supporters, no one would have expressed amazement, because in such a cause there is a holy object to be secured. But in the late outbreak in Paris there was no despotism, civil or ecclesiastical, of which the people were weary, to be put down. The government sympathized thoroughly with the people, and its benignant ministrations were intended for the benefit of that particular class, who sought its overthrow. If the condemned friends of Pandemonium had been suffered to visit earth for the purpose of promoting atrocities, gladdening to their hearts, we should have expected precisely such a revolt and such scenes as have clothed the city of Paris in mourning. But before the horrors of this revolt took place, no one would have so far presumed on the stupidity and wickedness of the human heart as to have pronounced such scenes possible. This insurrection is one of those monstrous occurrences which are well calculated to confound the speculations of philosophers and philanthropists who dream of an early millennial period. The cold-blooded ferocity of Tammany and Genghis Kahn, centuries ago, the ruthlessness with which they spread with fire and sword, havoc and ruin in every direction, was scarcely more devilish than that exhibited by the Parisian insurgents. The barbarities of these Asiatic conquerors spring from insatiable lust of conquest which has in all ages signalized itself by the perpetration of the most stoning crimes, and are therefore capable of explanation. The awful iniquity of the Parisian populace, who, for four days roared in the blood of thousands of their friends and neighbors, is without parallel on the pages of history, for never before was such uncalculating slaughter so long persevered in unless there was some very species or substantial good in view to nerve the heart to deeds of daring. The four thousand numbers of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, have lost their pre-eminence in guilt now that this recent carnage of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand Parisians has amazed the world.

In a few months had worked out the wretchedness of years. Not a few of those whose hearts had been "burning with high hope" were now moulder cold and low. Sorrows had taken up her abode by many a desolate fireside. In any part of the North American States; they will be on the side of freedom.

There has been almost a constant decrease of the proportion of the representatives in Congress from the slave States in each decennial period since 1790. In 1790, the number of voters was about 3,000,000, and the number of slaves about 2,000,000. It has been estimated that the number of slaveholders is about 300,000, or not more than a thirtieth part of that of the voters. Some think that of these slaveholders, only about 100,000 are voters—I will suppose the number to be about 200,000, or one to 20 or 25 voters. It would seem that the number of those who have an interest in the slave property, cannot be more than four times that of the slaveholders, and still times that of the slaveholders, and still times that of the whole population of the United States or a fourteenth part of the whole population. The white population of the slave States, at this time, is probably a little more than 5,000,000; so that we may suppose that only about one quarter of this population have a pecuniary interest in slavery. The whole population of the slave States is now probably less than 9,000,000—so that those interested in slavery are only one fourth of the whole population of the States.

It may be here stated that in the choice of Presidential electors in 1836, 1840, and 1844, the number of votes cast in the slave States, including the probable numbers in South Carolina, where the choice was made by the Legislature, was only about 30 per cent of the whole number, while in the free States it was about 70 per cent. The number of white persons in the slave States in 1830 was 3,650,000, 32.45 per cent, and 7.46 per cent, respectively—the eight of suffrage being more extended among the white in the free States than in the slave States.

Let the above facts be duly considered, and though the time of emancipation may be delayed, the event can hardly be postponed many years before the constitutional power of the General Government will be exercised by those who will seek to limit, and will limit slavery where it is, and will check its further extension.

COMMUNICATION.

LET THE METHODISTS HEAR—NO. VIII.

To the Editors of the Examiner:

True you are!

There it is:

Passing along the street one day, and talking about the prospect, and the real difficulty there was in slave States, either for the laborer to rise, and the director of labor to make great progress, the question was asked, "what is the cause?" and a mechanic friend, pointing to two slaves doing certain work, replied, "there it is." He feit. Not only was the work poorly done, but, worse yet, it prevented white labor from doing it, and from improving their condition, as it should be improved. Capitalist! who suffers? Citizen! who pays? You—you, and yours! Your capital would be larger—your industry more profitable—your progress, socially, morally, economically, surer—were all around you free. There it is!

Important Decision.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania recently decided upon the constitutionality of the laws enjoining the observance of Sunday as a day of rest from labor. "The facts of the case" are, briefly, that a man named Specht, a farmer and a Seventh Day Baptist, residing in Franklin county, was indicted for pursuing his ordinary avocations on Sunday—such as hauling out manure, &c.—and fined by the court. He appealed to the supreme court, mainly, it would seem, to test, for his sake, the constitutionality of the law under which he was fined. The opinion of the court was delivered by Judge Bell, and is conclusive in favor of the constitutionality of the law.

Meeting of Bishops.

The venerable Bishop Soule, long a faithful laborer, and an ornament of the Methodist Episcopal church, and, now, under the plan of separation, a bishop of the Southern section of that denomination, has, by the advice of the commissioners and others representing the Southern church at the late general conference of the Northern, convened a meeting of the bishops, commissioners, and others appointed by the South, at Louisville, Ky., on the 6th of September, for consultation upon the proceedings of the Northern general conference.

NATIONAL MONUMENT.

The ceremonies in laying the corner stone of the Washington National Monument on the 4th of July, in Washington, were grand and imposing. A vast concourse attended from the surrounding States, and not a few from those more remote. The military as well as the civic procession exceeded anything seen before in the Capital. The oration by the Hon. R. C. Winthrop is spoken of by all as one of rare eloquence and ability.

Battle of Power in the Slave States.

The tale to be told by the statistics of 1850, will show a large decline of power in the slave States.

Number of Representatives.

The number of Representatives in the House of Representatives must be greatly diminished, and in every way the South will be weakened.

Do you doubt this, reader? If so, read and ponder over the facts contained in the following letter from *Jesus Chichicosta*:

FOERMAN HENRY, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR.—On

in conversation with you a few days since, we were speaking of some facts in the history of our country, which bore on the subject of slavery, and which seemed to be of importance, as tending to show that the cause of freedom has been thus far essentially increasing in strength, and is likely to go on increasing more and more, and with more decisiveness.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The feeling is just. The dead live. Death is the pathway to life. We stand over the bier, and look at the pale face, and the lifeless form, and weep, as if there were no hope. Yet the spirit of that frame has just entered life. We, the mourners, are dead, and we only. Yet who would check the falling tear? Who shut up the fountain of sorrow? Let the tears fall. Let the fountain gush forth. They tell of our love to God and man, and as such are divine witnesses of the higher, holier life.

The poor Indian, wild in his dreams, and wild yet in his action, is full of poetic talk of the spirit land, and its origin of his race. For everything he has an emblem. Not a brute is done for—not a suffering encountered—that is not embalmed in poetry. Their propects seem often to anticipate what will be, and always expect for their race higher hopes and a higher destiny. Opetheola affirms that the Indian was made before the white man, but that the white man will do the race to degradation and death on earth, but that when all are dead, the red man will be first in the spirit-land. But the Seminole prophet, Nehemathia, gives the following tradition as the most general among the tribes as to the origin of the different races:

In the progress of the negotiation at Camp Moultrie in 1823, between the U. S. Commissioners and the Indians, it became important to ascertain the population of the Seminoles. By request, a census was taken by the chief, and on the Commissioners asking if the statement embraced the blacks, who were slaves, there was so violent a burst of indignation from Nehemathia as to require reprimand and reproach from those who represented the United States.

On explaining the motive of the inquiry, however, that the commissioners, in the *abstinent* of territory, were desirous of providing for the negro as well as the Indian, Nehemathia was reconciled. The Seminoles are a people of mixed blood, and henceforth the negroes in the slave States, and henceforth forth-fifth of the emigrants from foreign countries, go into the free States. These two causes of a greater increase of the population of the free States are likely to continue hereafter. And it is not improbable that before many years have elapsed that the negroes in the slave States will be more numerous than the Indians.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject, "Whence?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—will elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The First Horn.

Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Unknown Way.
BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A burning sky is 'o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward weary,
In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, an unknown way;
Above its windings, pleasantly,
The woodland branches spread.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoope
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey try,
Where the shade is cool, and the dew of
night is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland;
Oh, whether doth thou lead,
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nesting cottage?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad eaves droop, a leafy dome,
And woodbine flaut the wall?

By steepes where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year?
By lonely walks where lovers stray
Till the tender stars appear?

Or haply dost thou linger
On barren plains and bare;
Or clamber the bold mountain side,
Into the thinner air?

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And off upon the shady vale
With lengthened eyes look back?

I hear a solemne murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Breasting the pebbly beach.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!
End where these waters roar,
Like human life on a trackless beach,
With a boundless sea before?

From Lamartine's History of the Girondists.

Trial and Execution of Charlotte Corday.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defense of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of my honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—

'Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him.'

She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention; and the ruse she had employed to obtain access to him.

'I confess,' said she, with humility, 'that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man, in order to obtain access to him.'

'Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?' she was asked.

'I did not need the hatred of any one else,' she replied. 'My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself.'

'What did you hate in him?'

'His crimes.'

'What did you hope to effect by killing him?'

'Restore peace to my country.'

'Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?'

'Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble.'

The knife was shown her, that she might recognise it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust.

'Yes,' replied she; 'I recognise it.'

'What persons did you visit at Caen?'

'Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of Saint Jean.'

'Did you confess to a conforming or non-juring priest?'

'Neither one nor the other.'

'Since when had you formed this design?'

'Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested, I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution.'

Fauchet was confronted with her.

'I only know Fauchet by sight,' said she, disdainfully. 'I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him.'

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror.

'Oh, the monster!' exclaimed she, 'he takes me for an assassin!'

Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. 'The accused,' said he, 'confesses her crime, she shows us her long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence. This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm, and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, is not natural; they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your conscience.'

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but turning to her defender, 'Monsieur,' said she, 'you have defended me as I wished to be defended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I beseech to you the payment of this debt.'

During her examination, she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned towards the artist, in order that he might the better see her features.—She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait to immortality.

Beside the painter stood a young man, whose fair hair, blue eyes and pale complexion marked him for a native of the North. His eyes were riveted on the prisoner, and at each reply he shuddered and changed color.

He seemed to drink in her words, and to associate himself, by gesture, attitude and enthusiasm, with the sentiments she expressed. Unable, frequently, to repress his emotion, he drew to himself, by involuntary exclamations, the attention of the audience and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment

when the President passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat, with the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sank back, as though his strength had failed him. Charlotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at the moment when all on earth abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to her, and that, amidst this hostile or indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionaries of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte until she disappeared amidst the *gens d'armes* beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

On her return to the Conciergerie, which was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday smiled on her companions in prison, who had ranged themselves in the corridor and courts to see her pass. She said to the concierge:

'I had hoped that we should breakfast once more together, but the judge detained me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word.'

The executioner arrived; she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, which was neither the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship—addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doucet de Pontecoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and on whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

'Doucet de Pontecoulant is a coward to have refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments.'

But I shall be misunderstood—misrepresented.

And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they who bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free to say what they think, and act what they feel, to cast from them like ropes of sand, all fear of seats and parties, of clans and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to seek each other, and not a peep do we under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom. If a visitor arrive, they say, 'I am very busy to-day; if you wish to ride, there are horses and saddles in the stables; if you wish to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here do as you please.'

Then, recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, 'Monsieur,' said she to the artist, 'I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude.'

'What! already,' exclaimed she, turning pale.

Then, recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, 'Monsieur,' said she to the artist, 'I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude.'

As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and, severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that, after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. 'Thank,' said she to him, 'those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal.' The executioner cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnés*. 'This,' said she, 'is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality.'

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the clouds, who blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her, with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like those of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands, bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robert, Danton and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them to-morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeared and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. He engraved in his heart, to quote his own words, 'this unutterable sweetmess amid the barbarous cries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from those bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone.'

Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal reunion. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold, with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than less impeding death; then, turning to the guillotine, she

placed herself under the ax. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted even than life.

Social Intercourse.
BY MRS. CHILD.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their highest thoughts.—Each long for the full communion with other souls, but dare not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the representation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea." He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."

He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. He is skilful in lighting a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."